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VARIOUS KINDS—INCLUDING TWO BRIDES-TO-BE.



AN INDEFATIGABLE WAR-WORKER: MISS MARY HERMIONE CUNNINGHAM.



A WAR-WORKER—TO MARRY CAPTAIN VICTOR W. J. MARCHAND: MISS MURIEL IVY MARTEN.



NURSING AT THE COUNTESS OF DUNDONALD'S HOSPITAL: MRS. PATRICK VILLIERS-STUART.



NURSING AT A RED CROSS HOSPITAL IN SURREY: MISS GERALDINE M. STANFORD.



WORKING AT THE PARK ROYAL CANTEN AND THE COULTER HOSPITAL: MISS ELSIE OPPENHEIMER.

Mrs. W. P. Marten, of Hampstead, and has travelled all over England and Scotland with a concert party, singing to soldiers in camp and hospital.—Captain Marchand, A.S.C., is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Alex Marchand, of Hampstead.—Mrs. Patrick Villiers-Stuart is the wife of Major Villiers-Stuart, D.S.O., Royal Fusiliers, and is nursing at the Countess of Dundonald's Hospital. Mrs. Villiers-Stuart is well known as a writer on gardens and gardening.—Miss Laird is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Macgregor Laird, formerly of Birkenhead, and has been working at a V.A.D. Hospital. Mr. Ronald McClintock, R.F.A., R.F.C., is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur McClintock, of Leighlinbridge, Ireland.—Mrs. Brunton Blaikie, who is acting as a cook at the Officers' Huts, in Grosvenor Gardens, is the wife of Dr. Brunton Blaikie, of Brook Street.—Miss Geraldine Stanford is the daughter of Sir Charles Villiers Stanford, the famous composer.



"CONTINUING."

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN. (Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")

WENT the other day to a most enjoyable lecture at the Lyceum Club, where one of you, Mr. S. P. B. Mais, the enthusiastic young lecturer on Rupert Brooke, spoke on Modern Poetry. That meant largely Trench poetry, naturally, and there were several of you there who seemed particularly interested. We owe Mr. Mais one of the freshest, youngest, and most spring-like romances of the war. It is a novel called "April's Lonely Soldier," and—but, of course, you have read it.

I must be getting "ripe," as we say in French, since schoolboys have now taken to writing to me—no less than three of them this week! Schoolgirls, of course, have often done so; but I did not know that Eton and Harrow followed Phrynette! It is a pleasant surprise. Many thanks for the charming verses. In my modesty, I have decapitated them, for the first lines were altogether too flattering to be quoted—

II.

But oft I sadly see that only
Your letters go to soldiers (lonely)
Why is this the rule?
Why not distribute your affection,
Try just once, a new direction?
Say, a Public School.

III.

We have our little worries, too,
And so we want, like every You,
To tell Phrynette the same.
And, after all, why shouldn't we?
As much as them, for we shall be
Some day as full of fame.

IV.

Then in our aeroplanes we'll whizz
Performing valorous prodigies (?)
But yet we won't forget
What every true-born You should do
And read (since we shall be Yous, too)
The letters of Phrynette.

(FROM TWO LONELY SCHOOL-BOYS.)

Surely, *mes jeunes amis*, you do not grudge those big chums of ours at the Front the dedication of my nonsense! Of course, I know I'd rather be at the Front than at school—how I hated College and the "Maths" mistress! Still, it is less dangerous. And we must honour our heroes the best we can. Writing this stuff in the hope of making them grin is all I can do for them,



"Boots will soon be beyond the reach of anyone but a Cæsus."

besides being as nice as I know how to when they come home on leave. But there is no reason why you should not continue writing me—I like it awfully. And, apropos of *continuing*, I wonder whether you know this schoolboy's yarn which originated in the Ecole St. Cyr, in France.

Among the students there was a young negro, a colonial princelet or other. He had achieved a certain celebrity in the school, partly because he was the only black boy, I suppose, and also because he was a rather brilliant pupil. One day a Gr-r-reat Man came to inspect the school.

You know, one of those Great Men with a beard and spectacles, and a red-rosetted button-hole, and a waist that

Mr. Sandow would not approve of. Sometimes they are Députés, sometimes they are Generals, and sometimes they are Sorbonne Professors or Academy "Immortals." But they all look at you from above the top rim of their spectacles, and they all say "hum, hum," and they call you "*mon jeune ami*," and they all feel frightfully bored and impressive. Well, then, one of these Important People called one day at the Ecole. He was shown the Praiseworthy Plodders, and among them the famous negro scholar.

"Ah, ah," said the Great Man, with a paternal benevolence, "and so, *mon jeune ami*, then it is you are the negro of St. Cyr?"

"Yes, Sir," said the negro, with a wide white smile.

"Hum, hum, well, my young friend, well—er—continue!"

We say in French, "It is only the first step that costs"; but, when the first is a *faux-pas*, it costs all the more—what! It cost Daphne a very charming dancing Captain, as fair as a Norwegian Cherub, and rather sorry for himself, because he is only twenty—the *sot âne*, is it not? I had just introduced him to Daphne, who dimpled daintily, and I had every reason to think those two would fox-trot felicitously through all his future leaves when, to my horror, she started the conversation with the following remarks—

"How do you do? Yes, certainly; you may have this next one. Yes, very hot, isn't it? Yes, ripping tune, yes. I see you have wisely taken advantage of the new regulation and shaved off your moustache—so much nicer!" "But," stammered the young Captain, still more sorely sorry for himself, "I haven't shaved it off. I—I am growing one!" After which he confined his attentions exclusively to me, who treat him as a Man, moustached or minus-moustache!

What to do to get rich quick—rabbits, dear Boys! No, it is not the latest slang equivalent for "rats," at all! I am speaking literally. Those of you who want to spend a rest-cure remuneratively can do no better than breed rabbits. It is very simple—you buy or rent a farm, you grow grass, you acquire one bunny, and after a few days, or weeks—I am not strong on natural history—you have a thousand rabbits, whose peltry means wealth. At least, I am judging by the price asked for rabbit-trimmed garments here in London. Rabbit edges everything: coat-frocks, dresses, jerseys, opera-cloaks, and—the things we wear when it's dark (I hope you appreciate my newly-acquired reticence!). Of course, the shops don't call it "rabbit," but "coney chinchilla," and we pay for it as if it were chinchilla *tout court*!



"You acquire one bunny, and after a few weeks you have a thousand. That means wealth."

First catch your hare, and then call it a good name!

Signs of the times.—Some *couturiers* are devising dresses for Zepp nights in which to appear respectable at a moment's notice. (They say "respectable," mind you—not ravishing!)

I can foresee the day—the night, I mean—when be-raided beauty will insist on hubby wearing her *ninon negligé* while she slips on his



"I see you've shaved off your moustache—so much nicer!"
"But," he stammered, "I haven't, I'm growing one!"

own camel-hair dressing-gown, hideous, but highly adequate as a covering.

Propriety, not prettiness, is the order of the night; and you never know whom you may meet at the next street-corner!

I have not noticed any perceptible lengthening of evening frocks, whichever way you look at them; but this conservatism of the dress-maker can easily be remedied by keeping our fur-coats on at the restaurant or in the ball-room, or even around the fireside!

Or perhaps shawls will come into fashion again! I wouldn't be the one to shoulder the responsibility of them, but women can manage to look alluring whatever the taste of the time!

What we do wear, though, over our décolleté frocks is a filmy cloak of silk-muslin, a spider-webby thing, edged with fur and embroidered. It does not hide us very much, but it veils—and it's intentions that count.

Meanwhile, we are all holding our breath in expectation of the new gowns in "Houp-la." There will probably be a parade of them at one of the big hotels here, and every woman who can squeeze in the crush will be there. I only hope the frocks will come out of the show uncrumpled.

Maeterlinck speaks somewhere of "the voluptuousness of running bare-footed in the dew." It is a question of taste. Personally, were I to put my naked sole on a slug, or a toad, or such slimy insect, I'd collapse energetically in the arms of the nearest (nicest, I mean) You handy. But I have heard that in New York it is quite the thing after the night club for young people to go *en bande* to a certain fashionable park, and there, in the morning hours and evening dress, paddle about in the grass with shoes and stockings off.

Be it as it may over there, I can foresee the time when we in London will have to go bare-footed—if not in the dew, at least in the liquid mud of Winter Town! Not through love of literature or in imitation of New York fads, dear Boys, nor lack of leather either, but because the shoe-maker is not sticking to his last! Mind you, I am not reproaching him: the good man is doing his bit, but what is to become of our tootsies is what I'd like to know!

Boots will soon be getting beyond the reach of anyone who is not a Cræsus or a disciple of Raymond Duncan! And

it is no good grumbling, because the ladylike shop-walkers only shakes an architectural coiffure, and says condescendingly, "Sorry, we have only threes and sevens in stock."

You explain shamefacedly that your number is five, and that you do think two guineas for a pair of ordinary black boots is rather a lot, upon which her look of condescension becomes one of commiseration, as you are informed that "we do not receive ordinary sizes any more—war time, you see!"—in case you had forgotten!

The fact is, shoe-makers are now engaged in killing the enemy instead of kidding the fatted calf—and the lean one too!

And, apropos of boots, to my friend of the Phi Gamma Delta Club, New York.—The slippers were the last slippers of the summer, Sir. They went the way of all slippers (that would be a large order), and are now replaced by tall patent boots in which one's garters can mirror themselves. As for the smile, I send it to you.

If you read *The Sketch* of Oct. 18 you will see something to someone's advantage, as solicitors say to the simple!

To R.N.M.M.P. (why not the whole alphabet, Sir, while your god-father was at it?).—I did—ask the Censor. I suppose he thought them so witty and amusing he kept them for his own enjoyment—what?

And now to the young beau from Harrow. It sounds like a pale pun. Sorry; I have for puns the fondness of all foreigners!

I say, it's perfectly sweet and chummy of you to tell me all about it. Tell me more. Does she approve of my knowing, though? That's right; stick up for the women, young Knight! I can very well understand that other chap being a woman-hater if he possesses a face "exactly like the hatching crocodile of this week's *Sketch*." (He might confine his maledictions to his mother, though.) No wonder he is a woman-hater! But are you sure it's not woman-hated, you meant?

I loved the toast to the ladies!

Your description of the amateur drilling made me grin all round my face. I can picture you chaps kicking each other's shins and treading on all toes!

"Before the war the Guards all had a peculiar drill of their own, which no other regiment attempted to learn—partly on account of the difficulty thereof, and partly because it was the Guards' little stunt, so p'raps they wouldn't like it. Well, an Army Order has lately been issued to the effect that every regiment, corps, or other body must learn the Guards' drill. Our parade-ground has been transformed into a sort of dancing-class, and the new method of right-turning is to do a sort of two-step in that direction. If they had a fox-trot there might have been some sense in it! But a two-step—!"

"Moreover, there is a new slow march, which is nothing more nor less than a goose-step. Worst of all, the authorities have so arranged it that if you give the commands on the *right* foot if the official document says *left*, and vice-versa, you may get your men to do it together; otherwise—that is, if you carry out the official directions—the results are quite hopeless. It is a wonderful system!"

But then, your Harrow is wonderful. I have read what it has been doing in this war, and—give my love to your school.



"I'd rather be at the Front than at school—
how I hated the 'Maths' mistress."

SMALL TALK



ENGAGED TO LIEUT.-COMMANDER JAMES SHOLTO DOUGLAS, R.N.V.R.: MISS MARY BARBARA ALLEN.

Miss Allen is the daughter of Mr. Edward Satow Allen, of Ashstead. Lieutenant-Commander Sholto Douglas is the son of the late Mr. C. P. Douglas and of Mrs. Douglas, Chester.

Photograph by Swaine.

the meal a fact, a reality, that can only be a dream in Germany?

Lady Llangattock. Lady Llangattock, who bravely did the anxious crossing to Boulogne—anxious because of the casualty at the other end—has suffered extraordinary losses within the last few years. Her youngest son, the pioneer flyer, was killed in an accident before war added to the dangers of the air, but while aviation was still in its fatal infancy. The experimental stages were almost as dangerous as the proficiency that now tempts our sure-winged men into places of extreme exposure. In 1912, Lady Llangattock lost her husband, her second son died last year, her eldest last week. With him the barony ceases.

More of Julian Grenfell. Julian Grenfell, the young soldier who "knocked out the champion boxer of South Africa in the intervals of writing poetry," is every day becoming a greater force by reason of the verse he has left behind. Unlike Rupert Brooke, who lived and looked a poet, and whose fame was secured for ever at the moment of his death on Lemnos, Julian Grenfell had no following on the score of his verse during his lifetime, and no posthumous book hastened his fame when he fell. He is known and loved merely by the things that have appeared in the papers, or been passed from hand to hand. The last number of the *Poetry Review*, let it be noted (for it is a magazine one is apt to miss), contains two poems hitherto unpublished. That everybody wants a book devoted to his work is a fact that will surely ultimately weigh with Lord and Lady Desborough, so that they may share their treasure with the public.



A WORKER FOR THE SCOTTISH RED CROSS: MRS. J. R. WILSON. Mrs. J. R. Wilson, wife of Captain J. R. Wilson, with her company, "The Eves," organised a matinée on Nov. 7, at the Pavilion Theatre, Glasgow, to supply ambulance wagons for the Scottish branch of the Red Cross.

Photograph by Lafayette.

So far spared a Food Dictator, the City is clipping its own wings for the Banquet. In the first place, the Banquet is not to be called a Banquet. The opulent word has disappeared from the invitation cards—a concession which must go a long way in easing the civic conscience. Having done so much, it is improbable that the powers will replace the turtle-soup with hollow mockery; and the best-informed authorities still thought last week that champagne would also be retained on the menu. There is scope for economy without knocking the heart out of the feast. And is there not something glorious in

keeping up appearances, when we can so well afford to do so, and making out of



A NEW PORTRAIT: LADY NEWBOROUGH.

Lady Newborough is the wife of the fourth Baron Newborough, to whom she was married in 1900, and was, before her marriage, Miss Grace Bruce Carr, daughter of the late Colonel Henry Montgomerie Carr. [Photograph by Hugh Cecil.]

Sir Charles Unwell. The gaiety of the legal world, and of the Red Cross Shop into the bargain, was for a time eclipsed by the illness of Sir Charles Russell. As a rule, his good health is of that infectious quality that allows no man to feel seedy in his presence; and a world of acquaintances will resent the temporary

removal of his debonair presence from the circles he affects and benefits.

The Curtin-Raiser. Another of last week's invalids, a growing number, was Mr. J. L. Garvin. Suddenly his Sunday commentary on the war ceased publication, and "a special contributor" supplied the now famous article on "The Task" in its place. Rumour got busy at once. In the first place "they" said Mr. Garvin's health had broken; in the second, that Winston was his substitute. Neither report was precise. Mr. Garvin went to the country to do other important work impossible of accomplishment

while he remained within call of the telephone; and while he was doing that important work he gave his odd moments to preparing a lecture he had promised to deliver after the one arranged for Mr. Curtin. Mr. Curtin, by the way, had already appeared before a very considerable audience. Not long ago he was listening to Lord Northcliffe's uncensored speech when an allusion was made to his reports on present-day conditions in Germany. "Mr. Curtin is present," said the Chief; and then, "Stand up, young man." Obedient to the Curtin-raiser, he stood up.

The Impossible Grandchild.

A very apposite account of Queen Victoria rushing over the acres of Axminster pile at Windsor waving a telegram in her hand and calling out "I'm a grandmother!"—of the Kaiser—recalls Shane Leslie's recent witticism anent the same relationship. The subject of the personality of the German Emperor was tempting, and its treatment amusing, but the kernel of the joke is a little embarrassing, even after the lapse of time.

Countess Nada.

Nov. 15 is likely to be another "Russia's Day," but without the money-boxes. Nothing could be happier than the celebration, just at this time, of the alliance between Countess Nada and Prince George of Battenberg. The young lady, of course, is now in many ways as English as they are made—as any girl with Russian parents can be made by residence in an adopted country, and that is saying a great deal, for Russians, and even "practising" Russians, have, among other things, a genius for languages that goes a long way to merge the national differences. But, just now, we like to think of Countess Nada as very Russian as well as very English; and neither is she herself inclined to forget the dual character. Russian presents are streaming in—Russian tiaras, Russian furs, Russian linen. She will be as Russian as she has ever been by the time she is surrounded by her offerings. The ceremony takes place within the comparatively narrow walls of the Chapel Royal.



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER CHARLES TREVENEN WILSON, R.N.: MISS ETHEL WINIFRED LAPAGE.

Miss Lapage is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Lapage, of Sheen House, Walmer. Lieutenant-Commander Wilson is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Wilson, of Steyning, Salisbury.

Photograph by Swaine.



TO MARRY FLIGHT SUB-LIEUTENANT CECIL H. FITZHERBERT, R.N.A.S.: MISS ETHEL KATHARINE LOWNDES.

The announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Ellen Katharine Lowndes to Flight Sub-Lieutenant Cecil Henry FitzHerbert, Royal Naval Air Service, of Abbeylax, Ireland.

Photograph by Vandyk.

Nov. 8, 1916

THE SKETCH.

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DRIVING WOUNDED IN THE PARK: AN ACTRESS "OFF."



Well Known to Society: a "Manhattan" Player.

FORMERLY IN "MR. MANHATTAN" IN LONDON; AND TO APPEAR IN IT AGAIN AT GLASGOW:

MISS WINIFRED HENDERSON.

Miss Winifred Henderson, who recently went on the stage, appeared in "Mr. Manhattan" during that popular musical play's successful run at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. She is to play the same part in it again at Glasgow during a Christmas season; and later on, we hear, she is to be seen again in London in a new Grossmith-

Laurillard production. At the moment Miss Henderson is giving most of her time to making the lot of wounded soldiers happier. Every day she takes a party of them for a drive in the Park, a trip which, naturally, is very much to their taste.—[*Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.*]



MOTLEY NOTES

BY KEBLE HOWARD
("Chicot.")

LORD MAYOR'S SHOW. UNOFFICIAL SOUVENIR PROGRAMME.

MANY CELEBRITIES.

(Take this List with you to-morrow.)

The Lord Mayor's Show to-morrow, Nov. 9, will include many celebrated people in the worlds of politics, journalism, the theatre, and literature. The order of the procession will be as follows—

Detachment of Badged Young Gentlemen Laughing.

Detachment of Pessimists Weeping.

A Pre-War Loaf.

Detachment of Munition Manufacturers Singing. ("All is safely gathered in.")

Sir John Simon "Concentrating on Votes for Women."

Mr. Justice Darling seeking information about "the Blighter."

The Bishop of London and Forlorn Missioners.

Mr. H. G. Wells and the Chesterton Brothers Embracing.

Mr. George Moore, Mr. Cunninghame Graham, and Mr. Harry Grattan Bidding Farewell to the Public.

"Mr. Gossip" at the Grand Organ.

Mr. Herman Finck on Triumphal Car Conducting.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling Ransacking the Press for his Naval Articles.

Mr. George Robey and General Smith-Dorrien (two-ounce gloves).

Members of the F.F.E.P.C. in Cerise Uniform.

(Frantic Friends' Evening Praise Corps.)

Members of the W.V.J.M.R. in Mauve.

(Women's Volunteer Jam Making Reserve.)

Members of the L.S.P.B. in Yellow Ochre.

(Ladies' Sock and Pyjama Brigade.)

Members of the W.H.M.R. in Sky-Blue.

(Women's Helmet and Mitten Reserve.)

Members of the H.H.W.B.B. in Puce.

(Holding Hands of Wounded Boys Brigade.)

Members of the U.F.S.G.K.O. in Tête-de-Nègre.

(United Flag Sellers' Great Kick Organisation.)

A Pre-War Rasher.

Group of Huns Yearning for the Somme.

Mr. Pemberton Billing Consuming Ginger.
Colonel Maude Celebrating Peace in 1915.

Mr. Hilaire Belloc with Maps and Military Dictionary.
A Lamplighter with Ancient Staff of Office.

A Taxicab.

A Nut.

A Flapper in Mufti.

Aldermen Who Have Declined Invitation to the Banquet.
Massed Bands of the Admiralty and War Office.

(Flute—Mr. Balfour : Mouth-Organ—Mr. Lloyd-George.)

How to be Neutral.

It seems that a "distinguished neutral" has been contributing his impressions of a recent visit to England in the equally neutral columns of the *Berliner Tageblatt*. This gentleman of admirable mental equipage writes as follows—

"Noticeable are many male and female beggars who come out in these times from their dark quarters and gather in a harvest from the passing flood. There are not only the blind and lame selling matches. One sees women with pale children in their arms selling postcards; a swarm of blind or deaf pariahs of society playing on every kind of musical instrument from the flute to a portable harmonium; whilst one is in danger of falling over cripples sitting on the ground. Wherever there is a theatre queue, one sees cripples or persons with only one arm singing as loudly as possible the inevitable 'Tipperary.' If one of them is able to produce an original verse against Germany pennies rain down."

Quite a delightful "impression" of London in war-time! Anybody who has been to London within the last few weeks will recognise the truth of it. The noise of the various musical instruments played by blind beggars quite drowns the roar of the traffic, and no wheeled vehicles can pass through Regent Street or Piccadilly by reason of the cripples and people with one arm who sit in the roadway to sing "Tipperary." Encore verses to this new song may be purchased by one-armed cripples at Government lyric factories erected for the purpose.

Forthcoming Articles.

Of places of entertainment our neutral friend writes—
"It is remarkable that all this mockery is at the expense of the Germans only, and that their allies are allowed to escape. The public behaves, in these music-halls, with great freedom. Smoking is allowed everywhere. Even the pipe is to be seen."

You would imagine that the utter degradation of a nation that allows a pipe to be smoked in a music-hall needed no further description. But the distinguished neutral correspondent of the *Berliner Tageblatt* is not yet satisfied. He has more to tell of our bestiality. In his next article he will depict "London by Night." That should be a fairly rabid business, if one may judge by the samples I have quoted above. But the series, no doubt, will improve with each issue. I shall look forward with confidence to the following—

III.—The Scramble for Bread at Buckingham Palace.

IV.—Civil War in London: Chelsea and South Kensington at Death-Grips.

V.—Demand that Legless Men of Military Age Should Join the Army.

VI.—Peace Debate: Socialist Members Wreck House of Commons.

VII.—Children of Seven Engaged on Munitions: Thousands Blown to Pieces Daily.

VIII.—Vice in the Theatre: Musical Directors Compelled to Wear Smoked Glasses and Have Eyes Bandaged.

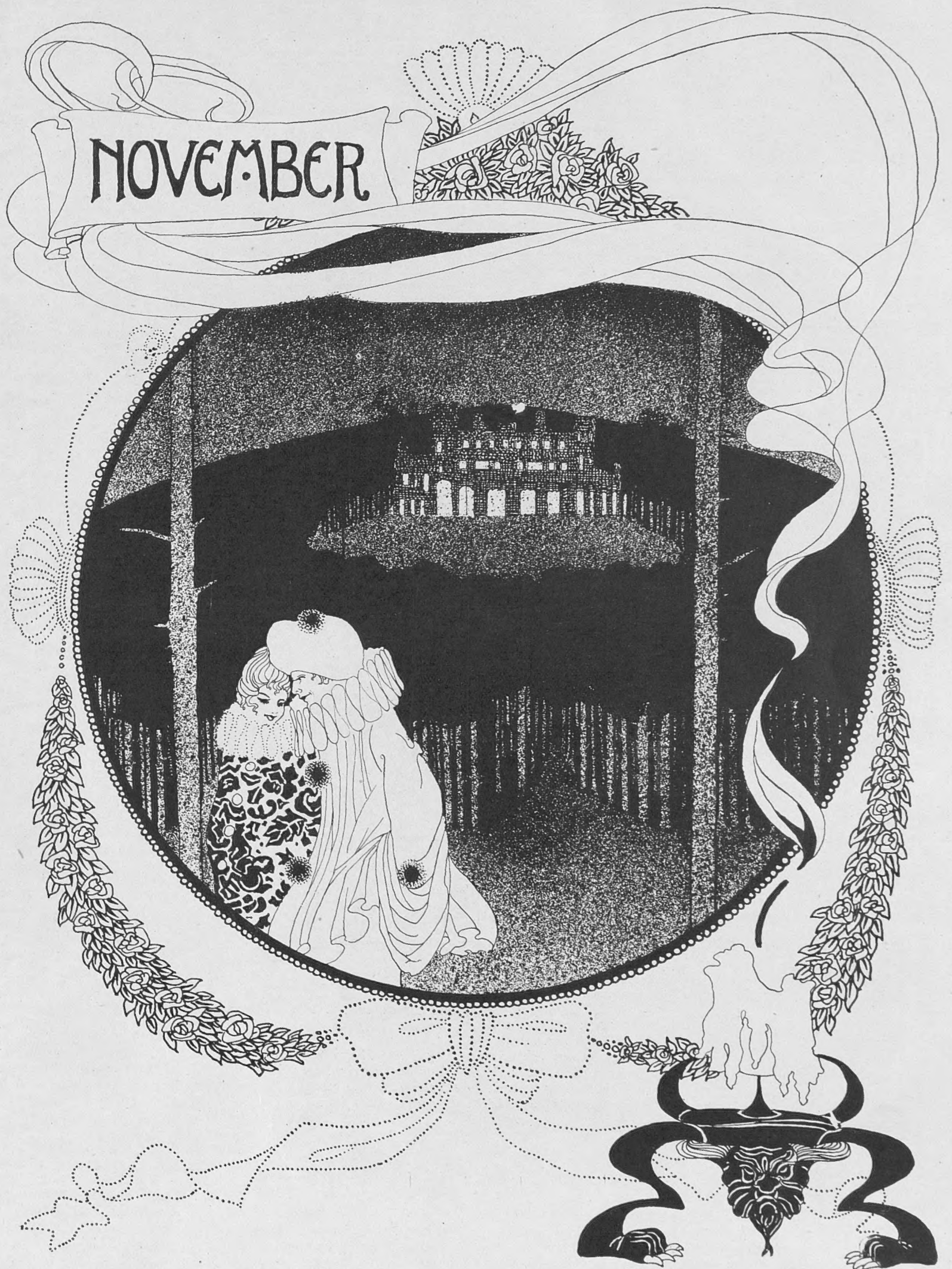


LEAD IN "EXTRA SPECIAL," AT THE KINGSWAY:

MISS DAISY HANCOX.

Camera-Portrait by E. O. Hoppe.

"THE MONTHS WILL ADD THEMSELVES."



NOVEMBER: THE CANDLE NEARS ITS END.

DRAWN BY MACKENZIE.



THE CLUBMAN

THE BEAR MOVES : AN UNKNOWN QUANTITY : ROYAL CONSIDERATION.

On the Way to Predeal.

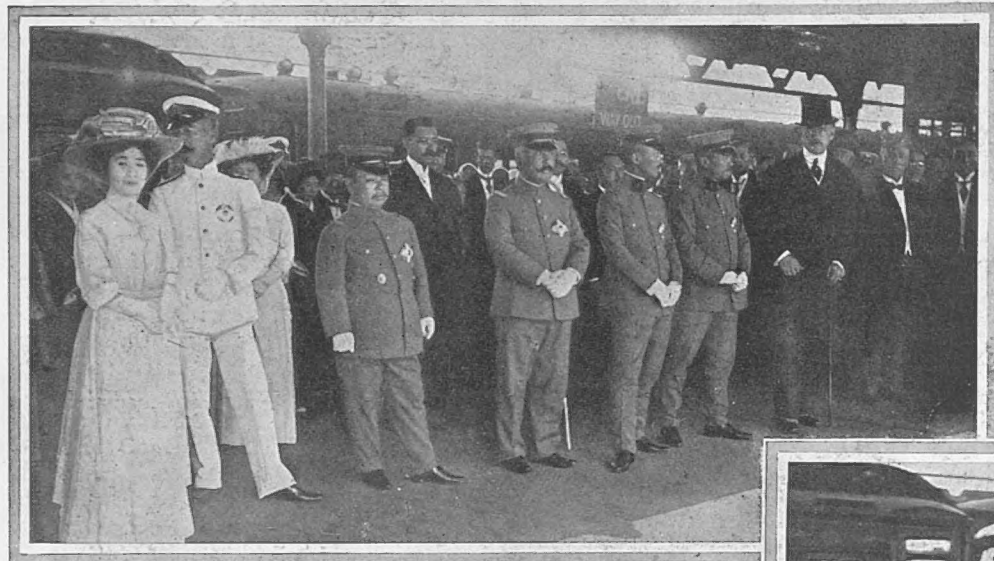
Though I only saw, as I wrote last week, the white ghosts of buildings at midnight by the quays of Constanza, I went in full daylight from Bucharest to Predeal, and looked at the country as I went with a military eye. The first part of the journey is over plains where immense tracts of wheat and maize are grown. Here and there the ground swells up in plateaux, but it is all land over which cavalry can manœuvre, and if the invading Austrians can reach Ploesti, the junction of three lines, about halfway between Bucharest and Sinaia, they should be able to rush the capital. About Ploesti the oil-wells begin, and the country gradually rises into foothills of the Transylvanian Alps. The River Prahova, which rises near Predeal, flows down the pass, its course being roughly followed by the railway, and on either side the river are forest-covered hills, which should give the Roumanians position after position, even if Sinaia and the long Baio Height opposite to it across the river should fall into the enemies' hands. The Roumanians hold the interior position, and

No doubt they would charge the German trenches with as great resolution as that of any of our own regiments; but to sit in a trench for days under a heavy bombardment is a phase of warfare of which they have no experience. Both the Matabelis and the Zulus could give us splendid pioneer battalions, as it would not hurt their pride to dig so long as they were accounted soldiers.

A Chinese Brigade. One of the finest battalions of Overseas troops that I ever saw was the North China battalion, recruited by us for service in Wei-hai-Wei. They were mostly Northern Chinese—great, big, strong fellows—and their discipline was excellent. Where they were recruited, I do not know, but no doubt they came into British territory to be enrolled. The Chinaman would certainly stick it as well as any Britisher; and with British officers to lead him, he would go over the top with alacrity. Why should not Hong-Kong and Kowloon send us a brigade, and keep it up to fighting strength?

Orders and Next-of-Kin.

Everyone, I think, will be pleased that if an officer does not survive a deed which has gained for him a military honour, his next-of-kin will be presented with the Cross or the Medal at a public parade. His Majesty will himself make the presentation of the Victoria Cross, and of the Grand Crosses of the great Orders, to the next-of-kin; and a General Officer, acting for his Majesty, will present other crosses and medals at a parade of troops held especially for that purpose. This is one of the matters which the French have arranged better than ourselves, and the wives and the children of soldiers who have given their lives for their country, and in circumstances of great



A CEREMONIAL "SEEING-OFF" AS IT IS IN JAPAN: PRINCES AND PRINCESSES OF THE IMPERIAL HOUSE WAITING TO BID "BON VOYAGE" TO PRINCE KAN-IN.

Prince Kan-in left Tokio, acting as his Emperor's messenger to Russia. Amongst those who assembled at the station to see him off were those shown in the photograph. From left to right are seen Princess Kan-in; Vice-Admiral Prince Higashi Fushimi; Major-General Prince Kuni; Major-General Prince Nashimoto; Captain Prince Asaki; and Captain Prince Higashi Kuni. [Photographs by C.N.]

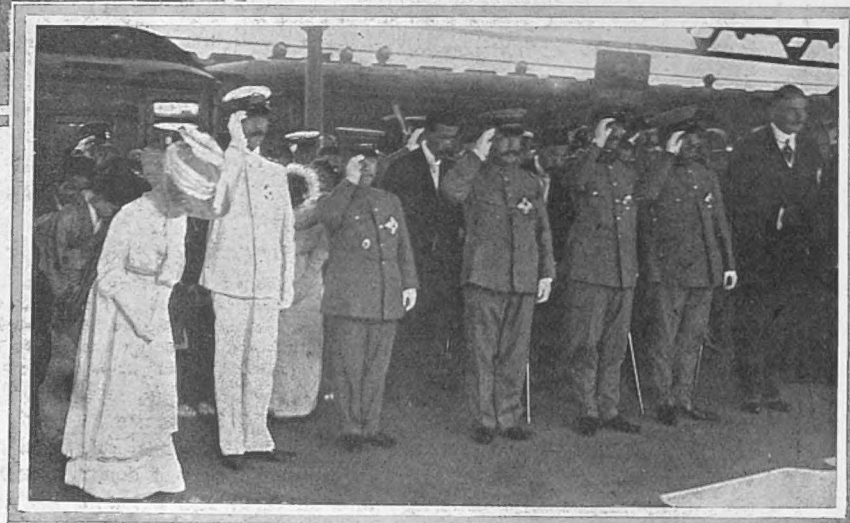
railways radiate from Bucharest north and south and east and west, which gives them an opportunity of reinforcing their troops wherever the enemy is making his heaviest thrusts. Every day that does not bring a disaster to the Roumanian forces is a gain to the Roumanians and a loss to the enemy, for Russian reinforcements are moving up, and though the bear moves slowly, his paw strikes exceeding hard.

Our Portuguese Allies.

A man who has just returned from Portugal, in which country his business lies, tells me that the Portuguese in large numbers are drilling most assiduously; and no doubt they will ask to take their share in the European campaign, just as they are now taking their share in the African campaign. The Portuguese troops astonished Wellington, who was chilled at first by their untidy appearance when he took command in Portugal. Whether the Portuguese soldier of to-day will fight as well as did the caçadores of Peninsular days I do not think that anybody can tell, and the Portuguese contingent, if it is raised, will be one of the unknown quantities of the war.

Our African Reserves.

We have in the natives of South Africa and the West Coast a tremendous reserve of fighting men. The Zulus and the Matabelis are, I imagine, the two tribes which made the best show against us in the open, for most of our little wars in Africa have been jungle wars, which are as unlike warfare in Flanders as can be. The Zulus, with no cannon and very few rifles, came on against British troops again and again, and only broke under the severest punishment.



THE LADIES OF THE PARTY BOWING LOW: "BON VOYAGE" TO GENERAL PRINCE KAN-IN.

gallantry, have been handed the military medal or the cross of war on parade at the Invalides. To receive from his Majesty's hands the Victoria Cross that husband or son has won, but has not lived to wear, will soften many a bereaved woman's sorrow. The M.V.O. is not amongst the Orders mentioned in the list—no doubt because it is the private gift of his Majesty as a family Order.

Naval Khaki.

Khaki has been, to a certain extent, recognised by the Admiralty, and the old, and not very good, joke of asking a sailor why he is not in khaki now loses all its point. The new order only applies to officers, and to them only when employed on shore service outside the United Kingdom. The Senior Officer on the station is empowered to permit the khaki shore-dress instead of either white or blue; the buttons are to be of bronze, and the braid is to be khaki in colour. As a naval officer detailed for shore duty will already have his blue and his white uniform, the new khaki will give him quite an extensive wardrobe.

THE ETERNAL TRIANGLE SQUARED: "HOME ON LEAVE."



1. THE WIFE AND THE OLD SWEETHEART: MISS MARIE LÖHR AS CONSTANCE LUSCOMBE AND MR. DENNIS EADIE AS OWEN FLETCHER.

2. THE WIFE AND THE "CONSOLATION" LOVER: MISS MARIE LÖHR AS CONSTANCE AND MR. JULIAN ROYCE AS HERBERT PROBYN.

3. THE HYPOCHONDRIAC HUSBAND, THE OLD SWEETHEART, AND THE WIFE: MR. H. R. HIGNETT AS FRANCIS LUSCOMBE, MR. DENNIS EADIE AS OWEN FLETCHER, AND MISS MARIE LÖHR AS CONSTANCE LUSCOMBE.

In Mr. Edward Knoblock's latest comedy, "Home on Leave," at the Royalty, there is a variation from the eternal triangle—that is, one woman and two men, or one man and two women. Instead of this we get a quadrilateral—one woman and three men, her old sweetheart, her disastrous husband, and the lover to whom, after marriage, she turned for consolation. Constance, the lady, was not exactly constant, and there was

little of probity about Herbert Probyn, the "consolation" lover, a rotter. The husband was a drug-taking hypochondriac, and so, when Owen Fletcher, her old sweetheart, came home, Constance went to stay with him and his mother and sister. The husband catches Owen making love to Constance, and threatens divorce proceedings. The end is that, if Owen survives the war, he and Constance will be happy together.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

THE Duke of Connaught has delighted his many London friends by returning to them with all the strong old courtesy and the familiar upright bearing of the true soldier unimpaired. The white hair, close to the fine, clean-cut head, is extremely becoming; but I doubt if the snows of Canada have made it any whiter than it used to be. Lady Lytton was one of the innumerable friends who called with words of welcome as soon as his Royal Highness arrived in London.

Fitzpatsy. Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, who is acting as Deputy Governor-General until the arrival of the Duke of Devonshire, is one of the most popular men in Canada, and, in a more restricted way, is known in London for the best of good fellows. Fitzpatsy is the familiar name he likes to go by since Princess Patricia brought honour to the diminutive form of her name in the Dominion.

Miss Grace Crawford. Very interesting is the engagement of Miss Grace Crawford to Mr. C. Lovat Fraser, of the Durham Light Infantry—but not only of the Durham Light Infantry. A true Botticelli damsel (but with a difference), Miss Crawford is a singer who is admired by at least five nations; as a girl she added to her natural graces and accomplishments by learning to dance from Adeline Genée; and in London she is known for all the talents that are most interesting to the younger generation of clever people. She is a Botticelli, as I say, with a difference—a Botticelli, but with black hair!

And Lovat Fraser. C. Lovat Fraser, Miss Crawford's fiancée, is back in England after six months, and shell-shock, in France. He lodged in Ypres when it was no longer a comfortable billet, made drawings of the tottering ruins between times, and sent home illustrated letters that are treasured by his friends as being among the most illuminating that have found their way across the Channel. At home Lovat Fraser's art seeks gentler inspiration: he made the famous illustrations to Ralph Hodgson's

"Eve" and "The Song of Honour," and was responsible, with his poet friend, for all the publications sent forth from the Sign of the Flying Fame.

The Impotent War.

Since his return to England, Lovat Fraser has proved that the war is impotent to shake the fancies of an artist. The first thing he did, during his convalescence, was to produce a little book, not of war pictures, but of nursery rhymes. And even now, having got into uniform again, he finds time to produce all sorts of strange and delightful little books, to maintain his position as first and only expert on certain periods of engraved title-pages, and to secure the hand of a lady who brings all the grace of Florence down to date.



THE PRETTY LITTLE HEIR TO AN EARLDOM: VISCOUNT BRACKLEY.

Lord Brackley is the charming little son, just eighteen months old, of the Earl and Countess of Ellesmere. Lady Ellesmere was, before her marriage, in 1905, Miss Violet Lambton, daughter of the Hon. Frederick William Lambton, and niece of the Earl of Durham, of whom her father is the twin-brother. Lady Ellesmere is a Lady of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem in England.

From Ireland. The birth of the Marchioness of Anglesey's daughter, announced in London nearly a week after the event, took place at Knockmaroon, Castleknock, where Lady Anglesey is staying during the term of her husband's work on the Lord Lieutenant's Staff. The Duchess of Rutland was in Ireland at the crucial time, but travelled back to London quicker than the good news. The slight delay in its publication meant that, by the time the bulk of the congratulations of the innumerable friends of the Lady Marjorie of old light-hearted London days arrived at Knockmaroon, Lady Anglesey had strength enough to cope with them. And the infant, too, is congratulated on several scores—among them, his good luck in aunts.

A Great Little Aunt.

And, talking of aunts, the Cranborne infant, who will eventually win through to the consequential Marquisate of Salisbury, is equally lucky. He is never likely to be appalled by the antiquity—one of the attributes, in the eyes of youth, of aunts—of his mother's youngest sister. He is about a week, she is just about a year, old! Even his mother has not very much the advantage of him in the matter of years. When she married last year she was eighteen.



ENGAGED TO MAJOR NORMAN D'ARCY FITZGERALD: MISS KATHLEEN M. PAPILLON.



TO MARRY MISS KATHLEEN M. PAPILLON: MAJOR N. D'ARCY FITZGERALD.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN MAURICE E. DENNY: MISS MARJORIE LYSAGHT.



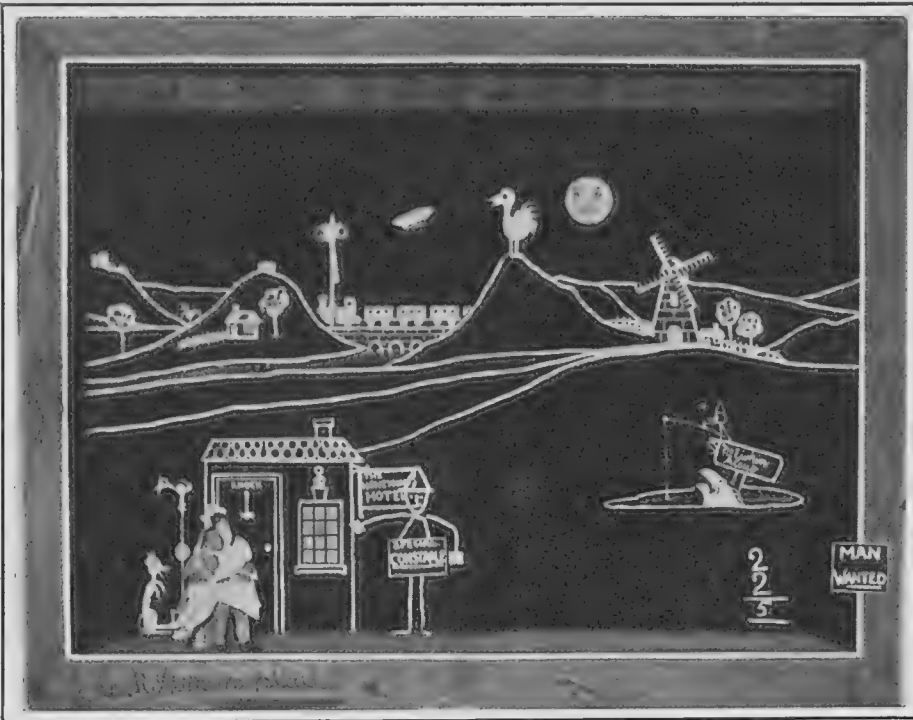
ENGAGED TO LIEUT. HERBERT H. DE C. VAUGHAN: MISS CONSTANCE MARION ANDERSON BUTLER.

Miss Papillon is the daughter of Captain F. Papillon, R.N. Major Norman FitzGerald, of Delgany, Co. Wicklow, is in the Royal Garrison Artillery.—Miss Lysaght is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Lysaght, of Castleford, Chepstow. Captain Denny, Instructor Staff, Machine Gun Corps, is the eldest son of Sir Archibald and Lady

Denny, of Cardross Park, Dumbartonshire.—Miss Butler is the eldest daughter of the late Samuel Butler, of Thornbury Hill, and of Mrs. Burges, of Thornbury Castle, Gloucestershire. Lieutenant Vaughan is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. C. de C. Vaughan, of Marlwood Grange, Thornbury, and is in the Queen's Own Oxfordshire Hussars.

Photographs by Vandyk, Lafayette, and Swaine.

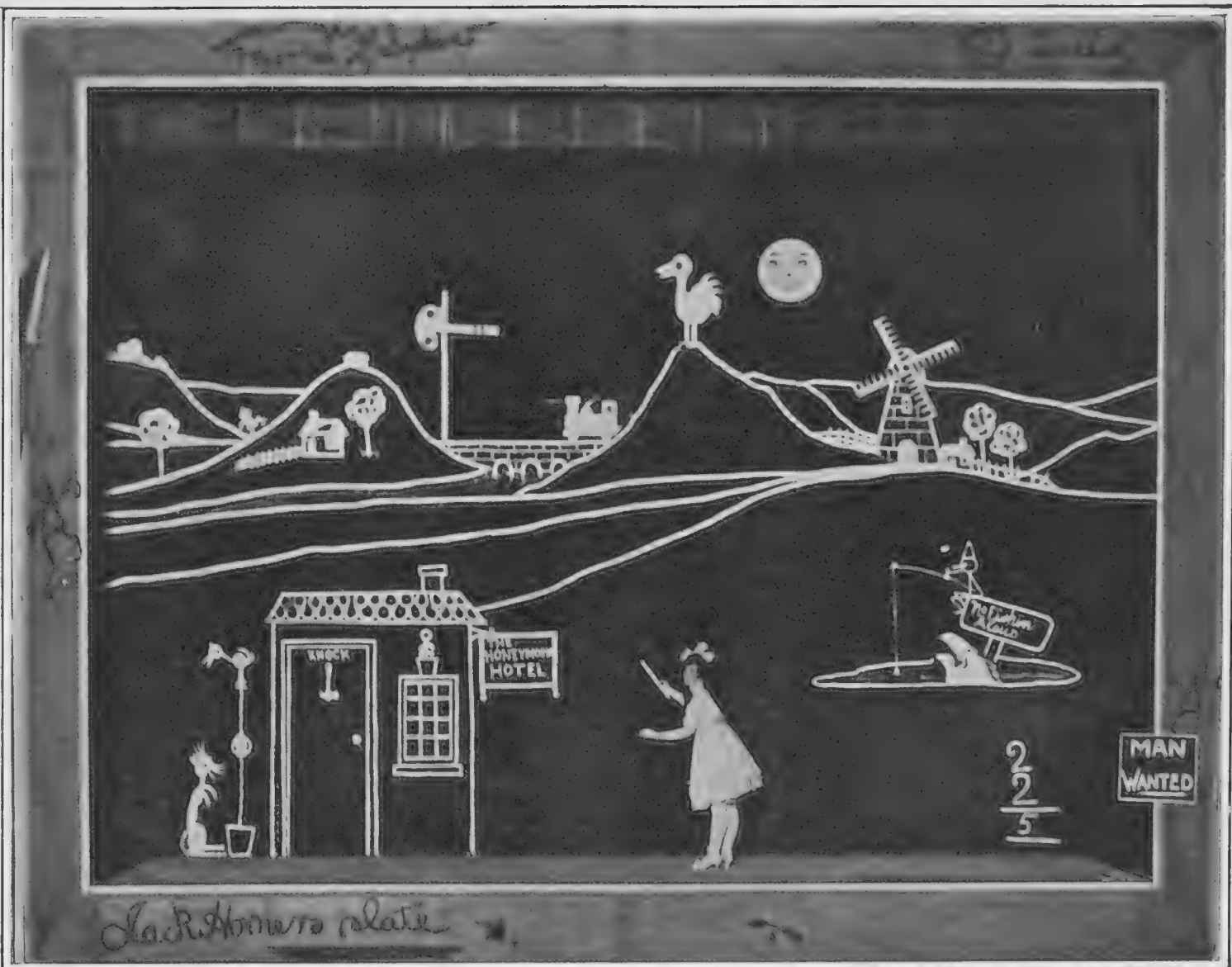
SLATED—BUT NOT BY THE CRITICS: "SOMETHING SIMPLE."



SITTING IN A CORNER—AT HONEYMOON HOTEL: JACK HORNER'S SLATE AS A BACK-CLOTH AT THE COLISEUM, IN "SOMETHING SIMPLE."



LEADING LADY IN "SOMETHING SIMPLE": MISS ALICE RUSSON "BREAKS THROUGH" JACK HORNER'S SLATE.



BUT WHERE ARE THE CHRISTMAS PIE AND THE PLUM? ANOTHER VIEW OF JACK HORNER'S SLATE, WITH MISS ALICE RUSSON, AT THE COLISEUM.

A novel and amusing little sketch was recently incorporated in the Coliseum programme, called "Something Simple." A schoolboy's slate, ascribed to the familiar nursery hero, Jack Horner, forms the scene, and is adorned with typical schoolboy drawings by the well-known black-and-white artist, Mr. Victor Hicks. Certain figures, not so grotesque

as the Special Constable, for instance, come to life off the slate, so to speak, and proceed to dance and sing with entertaining effect. Miss Alice Russon and Mr. Gregory make very good use of the opportunities thus provided for them in a quaint setting. "Something Simple" is a refreshing change.

TACTICS.



BOBBY: Oh, I say, how did you manage to get that bowl of cream?
TOMMY: Why, just told Ma I saw the cat put her nose in it.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

ANOTHER INCIDENTAL STAGE LUNATIC: "LUCKY JIM."



IN LUCKY JIM'S LODGINGS: HENRY TIDMAN, SOCIALIST (MR. F. B. J. SHARP) REPROVES CLARA THE SLAVEY (MISS DRUSILLA WILLS) FOR BEING EXTRAVAGANT WITH THE COALS.



A LUNATIC AT LARGE—AND A LARGE ONE, TOO: ALARICUS WIFFLES, KLEPTOMANIAC (MR. ROY BYFORD), HIDES WITH A STOLEN OVERCOAT UNDER THE TABLE.

There seems to be an epidemic of plays with an incidental lunatic thrown in to give unexpected turns to the plot. "The Misleading Lady" started the fashion, and now there is another example in "Lucky Jim," Mr. Henry Seton's new farcical comedy, at the St. James's Theatre. In this case the lunatic at large is a kleptomaniac with a passion for annexing overcoats, Alaricus Wiffles by name, very amusingly played by Mr. Roy Byford. This little weakness of his serves to complicate the frantic

search for a hidden will by various interested parties, which forms the main *motif* of the plot. The will gets deposited unwittingly inside a football cup on Jim's mantelpiece. The cup is pawned, and the will finds its way into the pocket of an overcoat, which becomes the prey of Alaricus—and so on. Lucky Jim, the testator's nephew, who has been banished from home, finds refuge in lodgings kept by a gloomy Socialist, Henry Tidman, who scolds the slavey for being too liberal with Jim's coals.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

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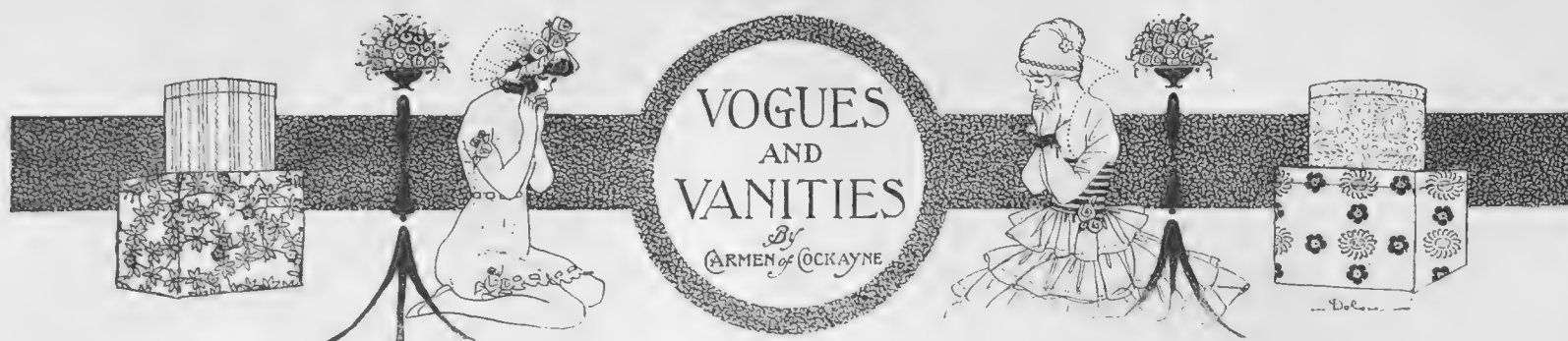
A GUARANTEE OF SAFETY.



THE NERVOUS OLD LADY: You won't run away with me, will you?

THE CABBY: Lor' bless you, Mum—no; why, I've a wife and eight kids at 'ome a'ready.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



The Psalmist's Omission.

The Psalmist, in one of his poetic outbursts, says something about the wine "that maketh glad the heart of man." He might really have found time to give us a stanza or two about the clothes that rejoice the heart of every true woman. Human nature does not change much.

The Queen of Sheba, we know, had a very shrewd idea concerning the value of clothes as an ally, and it's pretty certain that the Jewish *mondaine* of a few thousand years ago took quite as much interest in the modes of her time as any intelligent woman of the twentieth century. Man, as we know, flies for consolation to his pipe in times of difficulty. Modern woman can, of course, invoke the aid of her cigarette in similar case; but, after all, the smoking habit among women is a fairly new growth. The majority of the sex probably still prefer the nursery or the wardrobe as a tonic for jaded spirits; and, as the opportunities for indulging in the one grow daily more limited, the other becomes increasingly important. At any rate, there's very little doubt that nothing sends feminine spirits down to zero quite so quickly as the consciousness of being badly dressed—the spirits of the average female

being, of course: there are said to be exceptions whose self-complacency even dowdiness has no power to damp.

Fashion Favours the Fair.

But the apostles of general gloom are really making things rather difficult for the "average" woman just now, and even the simplest sartorial outbursts are visited with terrific denunciations. At first glance it almost seems as if Fashion had ranged herself on the side of the enemy, so demurely simple—even to the verge of primness—are some of her latest "creations." Only the initiated recognise the exact degree of defiance to outside interference that is conveyed through the impertinent flare of a well-cut skirt, or the barely adequate protection of a perfectly hung evening-gown.

The Second Line.

Prohibited from indulging publicly in the beautiful colours dear to her heart, lovely woman has, so to speak, fallen back on her second line of defence, the robes prepared for boudoir wear. In those sacred haunts of femininity, where the grouseers cease carping and the critics may not come, she can revel in robes that rival the rainbow for splendour without incurring the reproach of being heartless

or unpatriotic—not that really sensible people ever believed her to be either, but it's always as well to avoid notoriety, even if you are quite certain it is entirely undeserved.

Robes for "Rest."

Since every woman is "busy" in one direction or another in these hard-working times, it follows that the rest robe, designed for wear during the precious hours that are "absolutely snatched, my dear," from arduous toil in the twin causes of charity or patriotism, assumes even more importance than in the glad and piping times of peace. A good place in which to study it in its most attractive forms is at Woolland's, in Knightsbridge, where Dolores sketched those illustrated on this page.

Oriental Effects.

The Oriental - looking jumper - like affair is supremely attractive. The main body, so to speak, is composed of dark-blue satin, the hem, corsage, and the upper part of the sleeves being formed of panne velvet in a "dead" rose-pink shade. Twin straps of gaily painted leather serve to hold in position the gathers on the hips. The skirt is trimmed with long-shaped patch-pockets, each finished with a large blue silk tassel; and the décolletage is outlined with gold thread and deep-rose coloured embroidery. There is quite an Arabian Nights note, too, about the gown worn by the seated figure. The draped stole-like tunic of jade-green ninon edged with gold lace is lightly caught under the arms and mounted on a foundation of parme-violet crêpe-de-

The pockets are useful as well as ornamental; and the material that goes to its making is panne velvet—dark blue below and dull rose above.

Chine, with sleeves of crêpe ninon to tone. The latter, together with the hem, are edged with a tiny festooned fringe of gold beads; whilst braid ornaments reproducing the colours of the gown hold the tunic at the waist, an original and effective touch being supplied by the be-tasselled Futurist medallion suspended from the neck by a bright green cord. The boudoir coat of pale brick-red ninon brocaded with silver is edged with marabout, a form of trimming that is also employed on a luxurious satin-lined wrap of damask-rose tinted chiffon velours, the main features of which are the deep square collar and the graceful back draperies. The flowing lines of a very beautiful gown showing the somewhat unusual combination of pale-pink and old-gold suggest the fashions of the late fourteenth century, though in other respects it is entirely up to date. The underdress of pink ninon has a corsage of tulle and silver lace, and serves either

A gold-edged tunic of jade-green ninon, on a foundation of parme violet, lined with crêpe-de-Chine.

as an evening-gown when used alone, or the foundation for a gorgeous coat-like affair, the upper portion and sleeves of which are of old-gold net edged with dull silver bead embroidery, the skirt portion being of chiffon velours.



A boudoir coat of Oriental gorgeousness, bound with silver ribbon.



THE BIRD!



THE VICAR: I haven't seen your daughter at church lately, Jarvis.

MR. JARVIS: She be workin' at the numition.

THE VICAR (*a little deaf, and understanding the word as new mission*): Ah, yes! A lay worker.

MR. JARVIS: Werry likely—it's summat to do wiv' shells.

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE OTHER MAN.

By CECIL WHITEHEAD.

"I THINK I will tell you all my troubles," I began, with an air of portentous gravity, "though I don't suppose you will be sympathetic." This was accompanied by a sigh.

I had not had a very good time when I was last partaking of Mrs. Ferell's tea and scones. After what happened on that occasion, as a fact, I can only point out in explanation that anyone who tries to discover satisfactory reasons for a woman's conduct is eminently qualified for the interior of a madhouse. So we will leave it at that.

Bertha turned on me with a triumphant little cry.

"Sympathy," she said, concealing a momentary excitement, "is a gratuitous insult we offer to the unfortunate."

I just gasped. She seemed delighted with herself and clapped her hands.

"Good Lord!" said I, when I had recovered sufficiently to speak.

She laughed delightedly.

"You see, you are not the only one who can make nonsensical remarks and call them epigrams."

I was quite prepared to concede her that much. She came over to where I was sitting and laid her hand lightly upon my arm.

"Mr. Rake, tell me what it's all about," she said kindly.

I felt much better.

"I will," said I, crossing one leg elegantly over the other. "As usual, it is all about myself."

"Oh, I'm tired of that!"

"It is also about one or two other people," I went on to explain. Bertha smiled.

"Well?" she said encouragingly.

"They have changed," I explained, with a gesture of deprecation; "I have not."

She nodded indulgently.

"It is very sad."

"You've said that before," she reminded me.

"It is still true," I permitted myself to observe. "Since I saw you last I have lost my—"

"Be careful, Mr. Rake!"

"I am no longer appreciated," I added mournfully. "All the women at whose feet I have laid my heart have grown tired of me. At any time that would be a misfortune. At a time like this it is a calamity. It depresses me, and makes me so uncertain of the future."

"Oh, I have no patience with you!" cried Bertha, moving towards the window. "You are getting morbid."

"I think," said I, "I am getting sensible."

"Nonsense!"

"I came here this afternoon to see if you also——" My tone was very dejected.

Mrs. Ferell laughed.

"Don't be so silly," she broke in, without looking round, a note of tenderness in her voice. "You'll be telling me next that you are romantic."

"Then, for once in my life, I shall be speaking the truth," I said.

She cast a rapid glance in my direction.

"I wonder if you really are romantic?" she said, more to herself than to me. Then she smiled.

"I flatter myself I am the most romantic man in London," I said.

"What—what exactly do men mean by romance?" asked Mrs. Ferell, looking at me in a way I shall not attempt to describe.

"Romance can best be described as the devotion a man exhibits for a married woman whose husband is 'somewhere in'—well, somewhere else," I explained.

"That isn't romance, Mr. Rake; that is——"

To let her continue would have been fatal.

"Romance," I cried, with an impressive wave of the hand, "is simply woman."

A pause followed.

"Is that all?" said Bertha in a disappointed voice.

"It is quite enough," said I soberly. "For some of us it has proved too much."

I glanced at Mrs. Ferell. She glanced out of the window. We both smiled. After a slight pause her expression changed. Her forehead contracted into a frown. I felt vaguely alarmed. Then, turning to me impulsively, she cried—

"I'm so glad you came!"

"So am I," I was just able to squeeze in.

"It's disgraceful!"

"In that case——"

"You will never believe it, Mr. Rake!"

"Don't say that!" I cried. "I was really getting nervous. Could she have found out about——?"

"I—I wonder if—if I ought to tell you?"

"Probably not," said I, recovering myself. "Go on."

She looked at me.

"I—I wonder if I dare?"

"By the way," I said, as a sudden idea struck me, "has it anything to do with railway journeys?"

She broke into a nervous little laugh and shook her head.

"Yourself?" I inquired.

"Nothing to do with me, Mr. Rake."

I looked disappointed.

"Myself, then?"

She ridiculed the idea. I am afraid I looked still more disappointed.

"Then I utterly fail to see," said I, "how it can be of the smallest interest to either of us." And, closing my eyes, I lolled back in my chair, intimating that as far as I was concerned the subject was closed.

Bertha evidently thought differently.

"Of course, it has nothing to do with me, Mr. Rake." Her tone was rather chilling. "I should be sorry to think that you had any connection with it."

"Thank you," I murmured.

"I said it was disgraceful," she continued. "So it is!"

That, at least, was satisfactory.

"I am delighted to think you have such a high opinion of me. It is very encouraging. I will try to live up to it."

"It is an unpleasant story," Bertha concluded loftily.

How it happened I don't pretend to know, but for the moment I forgot my surroundings.

"I never tell 'em," I said carelessly. "I have such an infernally bad memory. In the smoking-room I am a complete failure. I——"

Fortunately, at that moment I happened to look at Mrs. Ferell. For reasons connected with the expression upon her face I thought it wiser not to continue.

"I beg your pardon," I said apologetically. "Naturally, you meant something quite different."

"I did, Mr. Rakeford!" (my full name meant offended dignity!) I could have kicked myself.

"Yes," said I. It seemed the only thing to say.

A painful silence followed. After a while, she asked—

"How is it you and Violet's husband [Violet is Mrs. Allington] get on so well together?"

I explained.

"Well, you see, it's like this: I think him a humourist, he thinks me a fool. We are both deceived."

"Poor man!" sighed Bertha. "I am afraid he is always being deceived."

I considered that unnecessary. It's an extraordinary thing; but, if a woman isn't accusing you of treating your own wife badly, she is invariably complaining that some other woman treats her husband abominably.

"Oh, as far as that goes——" I protested.

"It goes too far, Mr. Rake!"

I shook my head.

"There are limits."

"Where?" I asked, looking round.

Bertha made a gesture of impatience. "Her behaviour is scandalous!" she said, in that tone that one attractive woman invariably uses when discussing another's shortcomings.

"Oh, come, come!" I said. "Remember she has a temperament."

"What I complain about is that she seems to forget that she has a husband."

"Yes; a temperament does that," I explained. "It helps you to forget the unpleasant realities of life. That is why it is so invaluable. It also, I am given to understand, gives one permission to do the forbidden——"

"She would do it without permission," said Bertha cattily, crossing the room.

[Continued overleaf.]



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"Possibly, quite possibly," I agreed; "but she would do it charmingly."

Mrs. Ferell turned a disdainful eye on me.

"Oh, you men are all alike! A woman has only to flirt outrageously, and behave badly, and do wicked things, and you are all on her side at once."

It hadn't taken her long to forget what had happened on the occasion of my last visit. I didn't think it worth while reminding her. And, as it happened, I'm glad I didn't. Yes, I really am.

I smiled complacently.

"We are always," I said, rubbing my hands with a self-satisfied air, "on the side of the angels."

"Mr. Rake!"

"Madam!" said I, bowing. I had risen too, and was standing by the fireplace, my hands in my pockets and my feet apart. Bertha was by the window. She glanced at me out of the corner of her eyes.

"I am afraid you are hopelessly prejudiced in her favour," she said.

I spread out my hands.

"You would never believe anything against her."

I shrugged my shoulders.

"Then—then I think I had better tell you—for your own good, you know."

I appreciated her generous motives.

"All the most unpleasant things," I explained, "that happen to one in the course of a monotonous life are done for one's own good. When I was at school they caned me for my own good; I didn't like it. People are imprisoned, tortured, hanged, partly for their own good. It is difficult to get them to appreciate fully the spirit of Christianity that actuates—"

Mrs. Ferell stamped her foot.

"Be quiet, Mr. Rake!" she commanded, smiling ever so slightly.

I obeyed. I really wanted to hear the story, and I doubt whether I could have continued my diatribe. Besides, I am very fond of Mrs. Allington.

"Well?" said I, at length.

Bertha made no immediate reply.

"Well?" I repeated encouragingly.

"I—I heard it by accident, Mr. Rake."

"It may have happened by accident," I suggested brightly. She frowned.

"I shall tell you just the bare facts," she said. "They will be sufficient. I am sure you will agree with me."

She paused. I smiled.

"It was after dinner. They were in the drawing-room——"

"Who?" I asked.

"Don't interrupt. Her husband was there."

"And, I presume, someone else?"

"Oh, yes; trust *her* for that! I don't suppose *he* was really to blame. She led him on, you know."

"I suppose she did," I murmured reminiscently.

Bertha moved away from the window and came and sat down. I followed her example.

"This becomes intensely interesting," I said, leaning forward. "What did he do then?"

"I hope I am always interesting, Mr. Rake."

"Next to myself," I assured her, "you are the most interesting personality I know. Continue."

She seemed satisfied, for she smiled kindly at me and continued—

"The lights were all turned out, Mr. Rake."

I whistled significantly.

"They were all three seated on the floor—on cushions. The room was perfectly dark. What are you smiling in that idiotic way for?"

I pulled myself together.

"I was only thinking," I explained, "how simply some people amuse themselves."

"Simply!" almost shouted Mrs. Ferell. "Oh, that's too much! Listen to this: they were, as I said, lolling about on those horrid blue cushions (I do hate that colour!) whispering and smoking and telling stories——"

"But——" I began. "I can't say that I see anything very dreadful——"

"Don't interrupt!" said Bertha very decisively. "Anyway, she got between them. The foolish young man, whoever he was, got affected by the conditions—and no wonder! He became sentimental, and——" She hesitated.

"She encouraged him?" I suggested.

"Yes, Mr. Rake!"

"Oho!"

"And—and he wanted to kiss her!" Mrs. Ferell threw this at me triumphantly. I elevated my eyebrows.

"You can hardly hold her responsible for that," I pointed out.

"Now, supposing I wanted to kiss you, would that——"

"Don't be silly."

"I entirely fail to see——" I began.

"Oh, you're different." And she laughed.

"In that case——" I got up.

"Sit down, Mr. Rake!" Her tone compelled obedience. I complied.

"Well, she told her husband," went on Bertha. "Fancy that! Some women have no sense of shame. He, poor man, pretended to be amused, and suggested they should change places and——"

"They did!" I cried breathlessly.

"Yes," she said; "they did!"

"H'm!" said I.

She continued: "The butler entered a few moments later, and— and thinking no one was there, turned up the lights."

"Stupid ass!"

"And the foolish young man was in the very act of kissing——"

"Hush!" said I apprehensively. She paid no attention.

"—Of kissing her husband——"

"Good heavens!"

"—Thinking—thinking it was her, you know. What do you think of that?"

"Disgraceful!" I cried.

"I call it disgusting!" said Mrs. Ferell, with great contempt.

"So it would be if it were true," said I, smiling. "Fortunately, it is not."

"What do you mean, Mr. Rake?"

"I also have heard the story," I said, blowing my nose; "the true story."

Mrs. Ferell laughed sceptically.

"I suppose *she* told you?"

"By no means: Edward told me. He was greatly amused. He considered it the funniest thing he had ever tumbled up against. He said it would amuse his friends, when he got back to France, tremendously."

"And what is your version of this disgraceful affair?" Her tone was very contemptuous.

"The same as yours," I explained, "up to a certain point—to where the other man was overwhelmed by an uncontrollable desire to kiss her."

"Yes?" said Bertha, moving her foot impatiently.

"Well, it was like this," said I.

Mrs. Ferell sniffed.

"He—the other fellow," I went on to explain, "naturally didn't know they had changed places—it was dark, you remember. He caught, as he thought, her hand in his, and began caressing it. (Edward's hands are small, and very like his wife's.) Suddenly the butler switched on the lights. They were all immensely amused—except, of course, the butler, who, through lack of education, suffers from an exaggerated sense of morality. I see nothing wrong in that. It merely becomes a harmless joke."

Bertha apparently thought otherwise. She had taken up a dignified attitude in the centre of the room.

"I don't believe you, Mr. Rake," she declared unkindly.

"But I assure you——" I began, quite indignantly.

"How do you know?"

I rose, stretched myself, strolled over to the glass, arranged my tie, and turned round.

"Because," said I, with an amused smile, "I was the other man."

And, throwing my head back, I roared with laughter. I thoroughly expected Mrs. Ferell would join me. However, she did nothing of the sort. I stopped laughing rather suddenly.

"You!" she said, her eyes flashing dangerously.

I nodded.

A few moments' painful silence ensued.

"Mr. Rake, are you serious?"

"Of course," said I. "I was never more serious in my life."

There was another interval of constrained silence. I began to get alarmed.

"I should never have thought it of you!" said Mrs. Ferell in a tone of inexorable reproach.

"Oh, but——" said I, beginning to defend myself.

With an imperious movement of her hand she waved me into silence.

"Don't say another word! You will only make yourself more contemptible." She shuddered. "You seem proud of it," she concluded magnificently.

"Not at all," I informed her, with a feeble attempt at a smile; "I——"

"Then why do you mention it?"

"Because I naturally thought that you would be delighted to know how you had misjudged that guileless woman."

She threw a withering glance at me, and sailed majestically, disdainfully, towards the door. And, in spite of the fact that she is a fragile little woman, I had to admit it was very convincing.

"That guileless woman!" she echoed. Then she laughed. It was not a nice laugh.

"Yes," said I, approaching her with an apologetic smile. I felt certain she would forgive me.

"Mr. Rakeford, you are a . . .!"

The door banged in my face.

I shall never go out of my way again to allay a woman's unjust suspicions. It isn't worth it.

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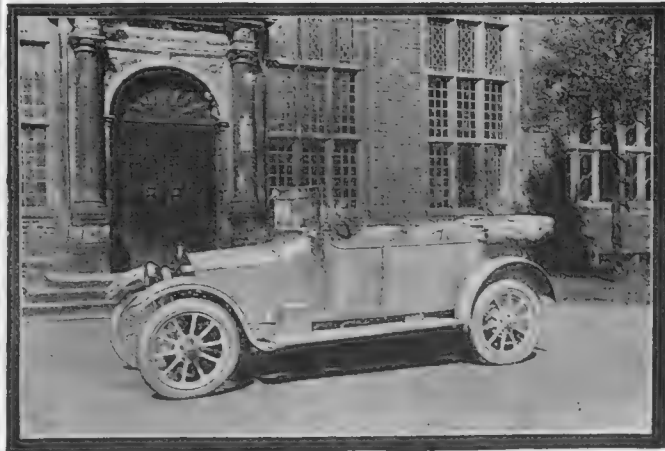
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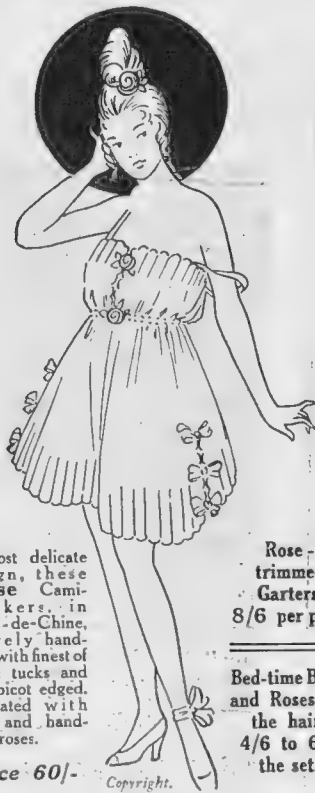
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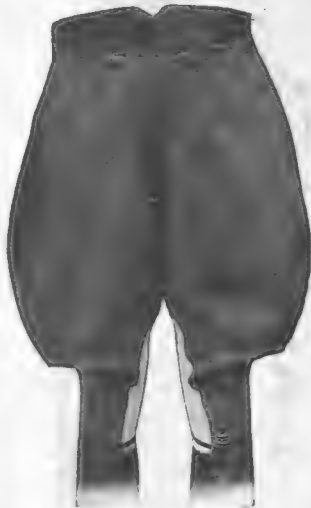
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WOMAN'S WAYS

Paris and London. It was clear that, before the war, London was, in a sense, considerably farther from Paris than Paris was from London. How few French people—except bag-men and millionaires—ever crossed the surging Channel, compared to the hordes of English who went to France or passed through on their way to other Continental countries. In the eighteenth century it was different. There was genuine social intercourse between the two capitals. The upper classes understood each other, and every sprig of the English nobility, doing the Grand Tour, made some stay in Paris, learned good manners—and other things—from elegant Frenchwomen, and cut a considerable dash. All educated English people made use of the French language to an extraordinary extent, and this went on after the Napoleonic wars. Women, especially, stuffed their letters with French phrases and words. The correspondence of celebrities, in late Georgian and early Victorian times, is well-nigh half in French—and very good French, too. At last it became old-fashioned, and was dropped. Will this fashion be revived as a consequence of the glorious Alliance? I think it more likely that Paris will draw nearer to London, and that English will be the fashionable language. Already Frenchwomen of the upper classes speak extraordinarily easy English, and they like to write to you in your own vernacular. I see a future in which London will swarm with Parisians.

The Discovery of England. We must never forget, when we remember past coldnesses, that it is easier for the average Frenchman to understand the psychology of a Chinese or a Patagonian than that of an Englishman. Modern French books are full of fabulous tales about the eccentricity and callousness of Britons in far-away places. The real kindness of the Englishman is seldom brought out, and they missed altogether his love for children, animals, and flowers. The French, during the last two-and-a-half years, have learned more about the English and their ways than in the last two-and-a-half centuries. Tommy, splendid boy, is effecting that marvel—an Entente of hearts as well as of bayonets.

American Gaiety of Heart. It would seem as if very soon the Americans would be the only gay and light-hearted people left on this planet. In normal times they are always "on the top note," but since the Great War, and their consequent fabulous enrichment, they are amazingly frivolous. Dancing has now become an epidemic mania, so that not even a plethoric citizen can finish his entrée at a modish restaurant without having surging couples round him, or being obliged to get up and follow the prevailing fashion by gyrating about with an equally stout wife. All, young and old, dance the fox-trot, and must hurry off to the nearest dancing-mistress should fashion bring in some new and eccentric animal-dance. In New York everything must be smart, glittering, modish, opulent—a thorough contrast to the European capitals with their dim lights and curtailed amusements. The young American woman suffers acutely under such conditions as are ours to-day. A pretty young creature, dressed to perfection, confided to me, just before she sailed, that she could not endure living "on this side" any longer, but must go back to New York, where women wear lovely frocks, dance all night, and where "the service was good in the restaurants." This latter failing in Europe appeared to affect her acutely, and led to the abandonment of a winter in the South of France. It all seems amazing to us, who have turned our thoughts on to matters of higher moment. But the modern pleasure-loving American woman is intensely subjective in outlook. When life does not represent an endless Pageant of Pleasure, she has a genuinely baffled feeling.

ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

SOCIETY GOSSIP

"Artists'" and the Artistes.

The Lyceum Club, that haunt of ladies who write and paint and otherwise distinguish themselves—I do not mean that they are given to flirting with fame, for they are for the most part serious working women—is giving another large dinner, and perhaps the most interesting one of the series. Its guests on this occasion are the officers of the Artists' Rifles, and Miss Lucy Kemp Welch presides.

Ken Wood.

Ken Wood, which is all astir these days with preparations, has often opened its gates to Mayfair. Since the Countess Torby has presided there she has convinced the people who are inclined to look upon Brompton as beyond the world's end, and Notting Hill as first territorial cousin to Jericho, that Hampstead is really quite accessible. But to call it Hampstead does less than justice to the Countess's powers of attraction. It is not so simple as that, for it lies between the village of the Heath and Highgate, which is strange land to many of us.

The Romantics. Both places, of course, are full of literary and artistic folk—a description which, oddly enough, one may apply to the versatile Grand Duke's own household. He has a romantic novel to his credit, over and above the real romance of his own life. His engagement, as it is generally narrated, would provide Anthony Hope with material for a characteristic chapter. But it happened in Nice. More to the point at the moment is the pretty little tale—almost too pretty to be true—of a Russian

engagement which, like Countess Nada's, occurred in England. Here it is.

Breaking the Ice.

The present Tsar was at Windsor when he first courted the Tsaritsa. "My father, who is my Emperor," he said (according to the legend), "has commanded me to offer you my hand and my heart." "My grandmother, who is Queen of England," the young lady answered, "has commanded me to accept your hand. As for your heart, I accept it on my own account." We will not suggest that Prince George of Battenberg needed the moral support of a high authority when he asked for the hand of Nada; but the tale serves to remind us that England's reigning house favours such alliances as his and hers, and that they are not breaking Russian ice for the first time in this country. We have the right atmosphere, evidently.

On Leave.

The other day I saw Mr. Philip Gibbs, the hero of despatch-making, in London. He has become such an institution at the front that one had grown to think of him as part and parcel of the war. Do the things which he has described so vividly, and which we know of only through the medium of his pen, really go on happening without him? But the strain of two years' work told, and he is back. I had never seen him in khaki before, and never seen the green armlet which marks him out for what he is; but for the rest he was the Philip Gibbs of old, known for years as a man of peace and of charming manners in the Street of Adventure.

With Tony of Stonyhurst.

Mrs. Philip Gibbs made her husband's return particularly eventful in the matter of a home. The delightful house in Stamford Hill, lately taken, was new ground to him, and its great garden the best possible retreat from the trying landscape of Picardy, churned up into nightmare mounds. Philip Gibbs is not the only member of his household who is enjoying special leave. His son Anthony has been allowed to break his term at Stonyhurst in order to see his father; and it happens that Philip's brother is also home from his work as special correspondent in the Near East.



TO MARRY CAPT A. J. DAVIES, R.N.:
MISS DOROTHY PRICKETT.

Miss Prickett is the elder daughter of Captain Prickett, R.N., and Mrs. Prickett, of Browston Hall, Belton, Suffolk, and is an assiduous war-worker. Captain Davies is the son of the late Rev. J. B. Davies, and of Mrs. Davies, of Waters Upton, Salop.—Miss Ismay is the daughter of the late Lady Margaret Ismay and of Mr. James Ismay, of Iwerne Minster House, Blandford, Dorset. Mr. Edward Rouse-Boughton is the only son of Sir William and Lady Rouse-Boughton, of Downton Hall, Ludlow, Salop, and is in the Herts Yeomanry.

Photographs by Bassano and Lallie Charles.



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT ROUSE-BOUGHTON: MISS DOROTHY ISMAY.



WIFE OF A WELL-KNOWN OFFICER:
THE HON. MRS. H. B. ROBSON.

The Hon. Mrs. Robson is the wife of Lieutenant the Hon. Harold Burge Robson, who has been at the front since the commencement of the war. He is the son of Lord Robson, and is in the Northumberland Yeomanry. Mrs. Harold Robson is the daughter of Colonel Herman Le Roy-Lewis, C.B., D.S.O., of Westbury House, Petersfield.—[Photograph by Val l'Estrange.]



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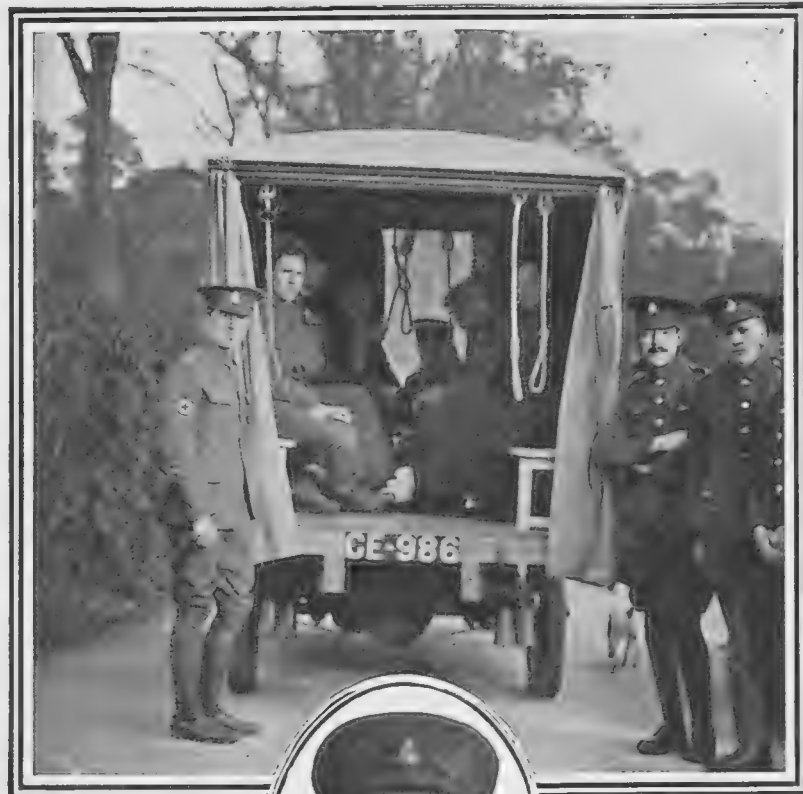
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THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

Why Not?

Why should not women who are doing war work wear khaki? The idea seems to enrage some others of our sex beyond coherent expression in words. Perhaps they would be surprised to know that in several instances women drivers of hospital lorries, Flying Corps motors, and cars for officers wear their uniforms at the express wish of those whom they are helping. Further surprise might be caused to them by the fact that the very wearing of the revered cloth is considered an honour by these women, and one which they are just as determined to deserve, in their way, as our glorious soldiers in theirs. A very cogent reason for the wearing of khaki by women war-workers is that there is no other colour and no other cloth that is so durable and shows soil so little. It is very easy to sit at a desk and write carping articles about such a matter; the woman who read it next day, after having driven a lorry through driving rain and storm, without a wind-screen, for seven hours, having had several dirty jobs to do for her engine, may be excused if she felt rather aggrieved and fervently desired that the writer might yet have to do her job in a nice dark-blue serge coat and skirt. Her eyes were full of laughter as she thought of the figure she would have cut so clad at the end of her day, and the number of nice dark-blue serge costumes she would want in a month!

Beyond That of Rubies.

There is no economy in the use of fur for coats for the coming winter; Fashion will not be coerced, any more than the Irish of either Ulster or other parts. War-time economy is the cry of the moment, but Dame Fashion says coats of fur must have more in them than ever before. When Fashion and war-time economy are at issue, the latter goes to the wall. There is balm in Gilead, however, for I was shown a coat of seal musquash the other day

trimmed with a lovely deep collar of skunk, and with a band of similar fur round it. It was full, and smart, and affluent-looking to the last degree. Said I to its proud proprietress, "You have been plunging! Not much change out of a cheque for a hundred?" "Just half," said she. "I got it at Woolland's. I had saved up three presents from Harry, and put a bit to them out of my dress - allowance, and there you are! Behold the reward of virtue!" I must say the virtuous woman and her reward looked of a fascination beyond that of rubies.

Figures are Out of Fashion.

I wonder if coat-frocks have come to stay? They are certainly appropriate garments to the times we live in—easily put on, suitable for in-and-out work; also there are women to whom their severity is becoming. I use the word women advisedly, for figures

of the recent models at Barri's, 72, Baker Street. Mme. Barri is a genius in adapting a style such as this for invalid wear, and in suiting it to the personal requirements of her clients. I have never seen gracefulness so ably combined with long and rather severe outlines as at her establishment, which is celebrated for daintiness as well for mothers as for babies—now more precious possessions than ever. Their little outfits are almost fairy-like in their fine daintiness, and they are so reasonable in price that one thinks how nimble the clever fingers must have been that worked on them. I always feel exalted and cleaned up in my mind after seeing these lovely layettes.

Comfort First.

It is not only the outer woman that we have to think about at this change of season. Even for those of us to whom looks are of supreme importance, comfort must come first, for, to give good looks a chance, their owner must be feeling comfy. There is an underwear which is supremely comfortable; it is woven in a cellular mesh which is very fine, giving protection against chills; and, being elastic, it fits perfectly and allows absolute freedom of movement. It is made in two weights, fine and stout, from the best Egyptian cotton; also, for winter, with a mixture of wool with the cotton, which is very warm and elastic. It is so beautifully soft as to be grateful to the most sensitive skin; and it is, besides being best, also British, and is made by the Midland Hosiery Agency, Loughborough, Leicestershire. I may also earn some gratitude by pointing out the splendid quality of the Melana stockings emanating from the same source. They are specially strengthened at the heels, toes, and soles, are soft and smooth, wash well, and wear well. The "double comfort" hose have hand-made feet, and these cannot be obtained elsewhere. A little booklet, which will be sent free on application, will give further information and prices.

Snorter, the War-Horse.

In these days there are many groups of letters which mean much; wherever and whenever I see R.S.P.C.A. I bow to them, because they mean the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and in particular, just now, the care of the Sick and Wounded Horses. A cavalryman I know said, "When I go into action I know all about it and look to the effect, and I have the fun of it, and maybe a bit of luck out of it; but poor old 'Snorter'—that's my charger—goes in whether he likes it or not. It's all pure terror to him, but he does it; and do you think, if I get a puncture, I want to be coddled in a comfortable hospital and leave Snorter in the open, hurt and deserted—not much! I tell you, the Sick and Wounded Horses' Fund is as much to the cavalry and artillery man as the Red Cross." The R.S.P.C.A. is auxiliary to the Army Veterinary Corps, and is the only society authorised by the Army Council to collect funds for the care of horses in veterinary hospitals. Thanks to this combination, our war-horses receive treatment which is the admiration of Europe. In a little space only a little may be said—150,000 animals were healed in hospitals to the end of January 1916. Of these, 105,000 were returned to remounts as cured, while 30,000 remained in hospitals or at the Convalescent Horse Depot in France under treatment. How's that for the Sick and Wounded Fund of the R.S.P.C.A.? Empire answers "Top score," and adds, "Please rally to the Fund."



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are out of fashion. Shoulders are merely pegs on which coat-frocks may be hung. There are, however, many varieties of this popular robe. To see it at its daintiest and most becoming is to ask for some



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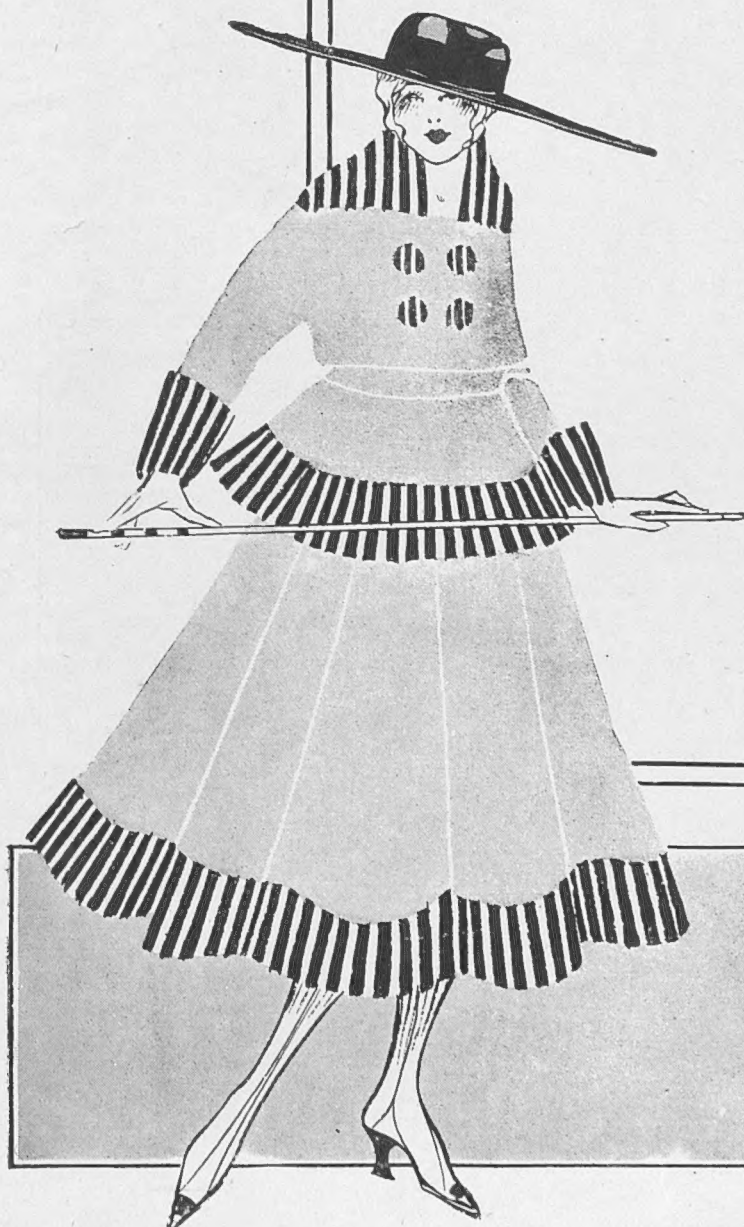
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SOROSIS

The World's Finest

THE WHEEL AND THE WING

THE R.A.C. AND THE GOVERNMENT? THE LIGHTING PROBLEM AGAIN: A RECORD.

A Flutter in Clubland.

There is no mistaking the fact that the Office of Works has got its eye upon the Royal Automobile Club, with a view of converting it into offices for the Transport Department of the Admiralty. If the worst should come to the worst, from the members' point of view, and the club is taken over, it need hardly be said that consternation will reign in Pall Mall. Naturally, a parallel will be drawn between the case of the R.A.C. and that of the Constitutional and National Liberal, which were but lately dispossessed of their homes. In so far as the circumstances may be identical, the members of the first-named will have no ground of complaint, and, to do them credit, they will not squeal at being driven out if it is a question of the country's need. But there are many factors in the situation in the present case which did not concern the former. The Royal Automobile Club has been doing national work ever since the war began—indeed, it might almost be regarded as a department of the War Office. It has provided cars and owner-drivers in hundreds for the War Office daily for over two years; it has done all the technical work for the Red Cross Society throughout, and examined thousands of cars; it has tested candidates for military driving and motor-cyclist despatch-riding, not to mention many other forms of practical service.

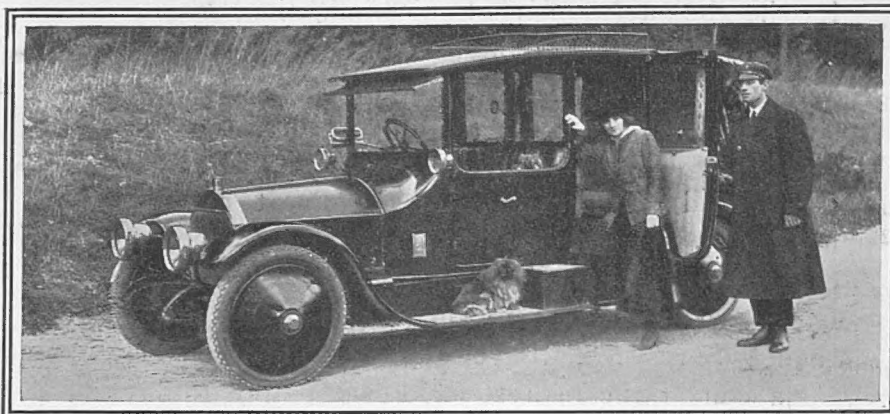
The Officers' Home. Apart from its executive work, moreover, the R.A.C. has long since come to be recognised as the place above all others which officers home from the front on leave make their first objective. They have been admitted at a nominal subscription, while there are over three

Rear Lights on Vans.

We have now arrived at the time of year when the lighting problem becomes acute. It is easy for non-users of the road to regard the question of locomotion in the dark as merely concerning people who want to be out at night when they ought to be indoors; but even before the advent of winter the darkness is a factor to be reckoned with in ordinary business hours, and eventually comes down to the neighbourhood of half-past four in the afternoon. Consequently, busy people cannot avoid the perils of the streets, whether as pedestrians or drivers, and the difficulties of the situation particularly concern

the very large array of those who are on military duty of one kind or another. Personally, I have never driven at night, on my own affairs, since lighting restrictions were introduced under the Defence of the Realm Act; but, as one who has had some thrilling experiences while on public duty, I can testify to the extreme but unavoidable risks of the period. But the particular object of this note is to call the attention of drivers to one form of danger which has hitherto been unsuspected. The comparatively recent regulation enforcing the carrying of red rear-lights on all vehicles alike came as a real god-send, and was

appreciated accordingly. No stipulation has been laid down, however, as to the place of attachment, and it is here that the danger arises; already the practice has grown up of fixing rear-lights on carts and vans at the highest part of the vehicle. The difference is so extraordinary that none but an actual driver can appreciate what it means, especially when, as in some cases, the red light employed is of the feeblest possible type. It would be a boon to all if this "skying" of the rear-light were forbidden.



THE HEROINE OF "ROMANCE"—AND HER NAPIER: MISS DORIS KEANE.

Miss Doris Keane, who has made such a remarkable success over here, in "Romance," is a native of the United States, but has spent a good deal of time in Europe. Before she came over for "Romance," she had been to London on two occasions under the Charles Frohman management, appearing in "The Hypocrites" and in "Decorating Clementina." In the latter piece she displayed her versatility by giving an extraordinary eccentric dance. Her Napier, by the way, has a history of its own: it was designed for that Olympia Show which was abandoned owing to the outbreak of war.



SIX MOTOR-AMBULANCES PRESENTED BY A SINGLE CHURCH: THE DEDICATION OF THE GIFT.

St. Margaret's Church and the Parish of Altrincham, Cheshire, have presented six motor-ambulances to the British Red Cross Society, on whose behalf they were accepted by Katharine Duchess of Westminster. The chief figures in the group (reading from right to left) are: The Rev. Hewlett Johnson, Vicar of the Parish; Mrs.

Hewlett Johnson; Katharine Duchess of Westminster; Miss Marjorie Leigh; Mr. John Leigh; Sir Edward Cotton-Jodrell, K.C.B., County Director, Red Cross Society; Mr. Fleming Spence; Mr. J. H. Brydon, Hon. County Secretary; Mrs. John Leigh; and Lieutenant Green.

thousand overseas officers who are honorary members. Half the membership is in the Services, and the Roll of Honour is the longest of any non-Service club. Whatever the club was before the war, nothing could be further from the mark than to suppose, as many members of the public probably do to this day, that the spacious premises in Pall Mall are a home of luxury for civilian plutocrats. Not only is the membership more democratic than that of any West End club, but it is a veritable hive of war industry, and at any hour of the day or evening khaki is the predominant note. There are many other clubs which could be commandeered with less suspension of national work, to say nothing of various large hotels.

The Acme of Precision.

What is probably a unique record has been achieved by a couple of British cars on an American track. Two Sunbeams were competing at Sheepshead Bay in the trials for the Astor Cup Race, and one led off with a hurricane flight of 62.45 sec. for the two-miles circuit, or 115 miles an hour, and this beat all American records. Then a sister-car turned out, and precisely repeated the performance! As records, the two runs were remarkable enough; but for two similar cars to put up the same showing to a fraction, although it sounds feasible enough, is, as a matter of fact, extremely rare, if not hitherto unknown.

THE R.N.A.S.

"One of my college chums rags me whether the letters I have mean, 'Rather naughty after sunset' or 'Really not a sailor.' If being up at all times and in all weathers short of a hurricane, cruising through space at 100 per hour in an atmosphere specially manufactured in the Polar regions, is not seafaring, well, it's not exactly like lying in a feather bed in a hothouse. I can tell you, I'm not sorry to come down and 'thaw out' with the aid of a Cavander's 'Army Club.' They're great—the finest I've struck yet. And you can go on smoking on after the other without a touch of 'nerves.'"



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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

WHEN a revue calls itself "Extra Special!" the critics are wide awake—at least, for a time—expecting some humours particularly connected with the Fleet Street establishments, which the wise critics visit as rarely as possible. There is nothing in the new piece at the Kingsway to warrant the use of the title, whether it be regarded as an indication of quality or a promise of real newspaper humours. Indeed, humour is not the strong point of Mr. F. F. Shephard, the author, and this is rather a misfortune in the case of a man who is trying to write a funny book; nor can one honestly call him a wit. From the strenuous efforts to entertain the house by plays upon words, it may be guessed that he has had experience in the writing of pantomimes. So far as "Extra Special" has any kind of plot, it deals with a young man who is put into a newspaper office, and sent to Monte Carlo to make a "scoop" about the robbery of an actress's jewels. The young man falls in love with a lady contributor, and gets his father tricked into consenting to a marriage. But, of course, the plot does not matter. The musician, Mr. Collman, has relied rather strongly—and quite candidly—upon borrowed work, and gives himself little opportunity for showing his real talent. Two of the scenes are cleverly painted by Mr. Francis Bull. Miss Daisy Hancox sang pleasantly as the heroine of the piece; Miss Mamie Watson danced neatly; and there was some life in the work of Miss Elsie Dante as a French actress, though she laughed too much. Mr. Lupino Lane laboured tremendously as the hero, and showed great agility as acrobat and dancer—he even introduced an *entre-chat*. As a comic person he lacks variety in his method, though funny for a short time. Mr. Albert Rees used a powerful voice successfully.



IN "MR. MANHATTAN" ON TOUR: MISS DOROTHY WHITTALL.
Miss Whittall, who is already a success, should have a notable future.

One smiles a little at the idea of "Monte Cristo," again. Goodness knows how many versions have been given in London of the famous novel by the amazing Mulatto whose drama, "Henri III. et Sa Cour," is correctly regarded as the first blow in the war against classicism on the French stage, although the glory is often awarded to "Hernani," and the stormy first night when Gauthier wore a gorgeous waistcoat. This time the book has been Melvillised—a fact that will warn those much-derided people called the "high brows" that the piece at the Lyceum is intended for the popular taste. I notice that some critics have pitched into the production upon the ground that the handsome costumes are not of the correct period; but what of that? Few of the audience are likely to know, and none to care. They come for a thrilling story and comic relief. It is, perhaps, not an easy task to find comic relief in the rather gloomy tale, but the playwrights are equal to the occasion, and so there is Cadereuse, a drunken tailor, friend of the hero, who does what is necessary. Mr. Andrew Emm in the part soon succeeds in getting hold of the audience so completely that they laugh whenever he wishes them to. Fortunately, the gods—and the stalls as well—at the Lyceum are a grateful company, and do not look a gift laugh in the mouth. "Make us laugh, make us cry, thrill us; never mind how": that is their simple demand. Of course, there is a big thrill in the famous Château d'If business. I am not quite sure that the vengeance of the famous hero are altogether impressive, or that vengeance crudely treated is a very good subject for melodrama. The other elements outweigh any disadvantages arising on this account. Mr. Lauderdale Maitland is a quite impressive Dantés, and really deserves work of a finer character. Miss Alice Belmore looks handsome, and acts with skill as the naughty Mercedes; and the rest of the company accomplishes its task to the great satisfaction of the audience.

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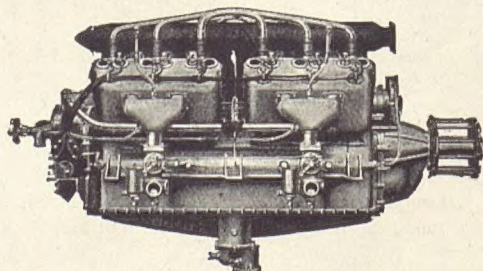
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